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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, AUGUST 7, 1902. NUMBER 23

## THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL SKETCHING CLASS

*Mrs. Hannah Johnson Carter's tentative announcement of a class from August 18th to August 29th is hereby made positive and definite. Mrs. Carter, Director of the School of Elementary Art Instruction, Chicago, will be on the ground on the above dates and the class will be organized. Those wishing to join are requested to correspond either with Mrs. Carter, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, or Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Spring Green, Wis.*

## CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Notes ..... 355
About Upward Looking.—E. P. POWELL ..... 356
A Prayer.—J. T. SUNDERLAND ..... 356
War.—WILLIAM BRUNTON ..... 356

THE PULPIT—
Progress.—REV. MARGARET T. OLMSTEAD ..... 357
Worship.—*Dr. E. G. Hirsch* ..... 359
The Pigeons We Feed.—*N. P. Willis* ..... 361

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
Old Testament Bible Stories by W. L. SHELDON, Chapter XLIII, David and Jonathan ..... 361

THE STUDY TABLE— PAGE.
Notes.—E. P. POWELL ..... 363

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living ..... 364
Learn a Little Every Day.—*The Myrtle* ..... 364
Courage.—C. A. EGGERT ..... 364

THE FIELD—
The Woman Who Stands at the Tub.—*Florence Josephine Boyce* ..... 365
Des Moines, Ia. ..... 365
A Tower Hill Letter.—HENRIETTA M. GRAVES ..... 365
The Problem of the Small Nation.—M. E. H. ..... 366

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AN

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# UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1902. NUMBER 23

Dispatches tell us that the Czar of Russia has invited Count Tolstoy to visit him as soon as his health will permit. This is another Russian surprise, and still, why not? The "bending" here spoken of in the dispatches belongs more with the genius-laden Tolstoy than with the crown-burdened Czar.

Oxford, England, has come to a summer school for Sunday school teachers, at which such men as Professor Drummond give of their wisdom. This is another illustration that people are beginning to realize that rest does not come by avoiding intelligent activity, but by taking it. When the thought of mental enjoyment even is a burden, it shows a life ill adjusted more often than a life overworked, except so far as all ill adjustment is exhaustive.

The *Woman's Journal* for July 19 has an interesting article on "Some Browning Memorials," in which is noted evidence of America's grateful appreciation of the Brownings. Mrs. Browning at least had a very tender side for her American constituency, the best memorial of which is an attractive memorial room in Wellesley College. The best editing that Robert Browning has as yet received is at the hands of two American women—Charlotte Porter and Miss Helen A. Clarke—while John Weiss, Professor Thaxter, Professor Corson and Professor Rolfe probably lead among those who taught the public to recognize a master.

"Industrial Feudalism" is a phrase that sets one thinking. One thing is sure: the autocracy of the capitalist today is more imperious than that of governor, president or king, and the so-called "captains of industry" do also hold in the hollow of their hands the weal or woe of the thousands of men, women and children who are involved in their captaincy. Their treatment of these dependants may be benign, but, all the same, it is their treatment, and therein lies the fundamental element of feudalism. Feudal lords are not all bad. Indeed, feudalism itself, instead of being a curse was a benign step forward, a movement towards more justice and better order further on.

There are but few wise men who will challenge Judge Clifford's decision rendered in a jury bribing case in Chicago recently, viz., "Jury bribing is the most offensive crime we know; it is as bad as treason, for it is treason. The man who bribes a jury strikes at government itself." Very true, but this sentence was pronounced against the tool of the property - givers, not the property - givers themselves. The lawyers and servants of the traction company are fined and sent to prison, but the executive officers of the company itself still hold their places in Chicago pews, are welcomed at the tables of Chicago's "leading citizens;" indeed they themselves proudly claim the title and entertain royally. Who are the sinners in this case?

A condensed report of the twenty-ninth National Conference of Charities and Correction, held in Detroit May 28-June 3, is before us. Over a thousand delegates were registered, repesenting territories reaching from Canada to Porto Rico. Professor Cooley, of the University of Michigan, urged special courses in colleges for the benefit of charity leaders. Aurora, Ill., seemed to lead in its charity work and wisdom. The stereopticon was brought into play and pled for the children in the alleys. The public baths of St. Paul, Minn., reported 250 baths in a season. Miss Tutweiler, of the Alabama Normal College, urged the postal savings bank in connection with the postoffice as one means of helping the negro in the south. All this we learn through the report of Miss Anna C. Venn, published by the charity council of Aurora, Ill.

Prof. W. C. Wilkinson, of the Chicago University, rather frantically asks the critics what they are going to do with Paul, who certainly believed in an ascended and a glorified Christ. The critics might turn the tables successfully on the good Professor and ask him what he is going to do with the Paul to whom the second coming was such a delirious assurance, who had such an estimate on woman's place in the church and her demeanor in public meetings. His theory of angels, devils and various other opinions and practices is more at variance with the practices, teachings and experiences of the modern orthodox Christian than is the disposition to ground the hope of immortality on the fundamental analogies and instincts of life rather than upon an alleged historical incident located in a far-off province of Asia and nearly two thousand years remote in time.

Prof. T. S. Adams, of the Sociological Department of the University of Wisconsin, in a lecture on "Porto Rico," delivered before the Tower Hill Summer School last week, said that the United States in Porto Rico has found chiefly "a bunch of social problem" which it will have to work out. This phrase well represents the chief find in Cuba and in the Philippines. The Philippine Islands as the theater for American capital, as a treasure trove abounding in mineral and agricultural wealth, has already vanished, but the Philippines as "a bunch of social problems" still abides, and these can be solved neither by the sword nor by the dollar, not even brains; but conscience, time and the slow weavings of the great cosmic forces that make for civilization. These alone can solve the social problems of which the politicians are already weary, with which the military has proven itself incompetent to grapple, and in the presence

of which Congress wisely stands aghast and confused.

## About Upward-Looking.

Says Old Humphry: "The only satisfaction I can get on a rainy day is to grumble at the clouds. What can a physician do who is compelled to ride in the rain ten miles to see a patient? Let him growl; it keeps the cold out." In a charming discourse Prof. Swing says: "Teach me to see the good side of things. I do not care to become acquainted with all the bad things there are in the world—the troubles and the hindrances. It infects the soul with cave-mildew—that sort of spotted dampness that belongs in cellars. Give me instead to live in the growing, joyous, contented, sphere of ozone and sunshine." "I will count up this day my blessings," says Carey. "I am convinced that my spirit will be greatly relieved if I but see the truth; that my troubles are as but a single grain in a full measure of goodness." And this is the truth, that our frets are minute, while our joys are vast. We are always in danger of forgetting goodness. Is it possible that we may become finally of those who see only the evil; and cannot see the good? Does not even philanthropy endanger us? Do we not form a habit of dwelling on the defects of civilization, of religion, and of society? What is that but to fail of the greatest thing in life—that is, to become a worker with God? Some of us think to outrun God and outwork Him. "Grumbling, I am satisfied, is far away from being a virtue." Emerson says, "Nature will not have us fume and fret." And again he says not only need we breathe and exercise the soul by penalties of abstinence, of solitude, of unpopularity; "but it behooves the wise man to look with a bold eye into those rarer dangers which sometimes invade men, and to familiarize himself with disgusting forms of disease, with sounds of execration and the vision of violent death. . . . Our culture must not omit the arming of the man. Let him hear in season that he is born into the state of war, and that the commonwealth and his own well-being require that he should not go dancing in the weeds of peace; but self-collected, and neither denying nor dreading thunder, let him take both reputation and life in his hand—and with perfect urbanity dare the gibbet and the mob by the absolute truth of his speech, and the rectitude of his behavior."

Dresser, in one of his charming and useful chapters, concerning suggestion as a healing art, advises us to repeat over and over such a sentence as "God is good." He tells us to let the mind repeat it until the soul sings it. Yet it is needful not only to say "God is good;" one must also get the conviction into his soul. Is goodness the dominant principle of the universe? Is there really goodness at the heart of all things? If so how can anyone ever be unhappy? He may be sure that a good purpose constitutes the drift of all events. It is not difficult for a student of life, as an evolution, to convince himself that there has been a divine outlook from the beginning. The dream of nature has certainly been betterment. God, in man's history, is the true, the beautiful and the good. However strong our heredity on the animal side, it has opened sufficiently wide on the God side to hear a sound of the distant future coming to us as hope of immortality. We have thought out our victory over the last evil, death. Decay cannot touch the life principle of the universe. "Man is the fruit, but he is not yet the end of evolution, and his moral character is the product of all the conjoined forces that have worked in atoms or in universes." "A faithful study of natural science brings us at last to this conception of the world; it is Nature and her Child—the Father and the Son—the Infinite finitely felt; the finite infinitely yearning."

Science has no word to the contrary. The more we know of the causes and the finalities the more we can say "God is good." The elemental word of Bible doctrine is always faith. You must trust God. You live in a world too complex to be completely comprehended; therefore get a good hold on trust; believe in the divine character—that goodness is the soul of the universe. Emerson says: "Love should make joy; but our very benevolence is unhappy." Our church work, he insists, hangs like ropes about our necks. Society is cumbered by the ponderousness of its machinery. Philosophy, as well as religion, insists that we shall look upward, and forward, and not backward, or downward. E. P. POWELL.

## A Prayer.

Thou art never far from us, O God! And thine ear is always open to our cry. Why are we ever weak, when with thee is strength? Why are we ever troubled or annoyed, when with thee there is peace? Why are we ever cast down, when in thee we find hope and joy? Why are we ever in darkness, when thy light shines for all? Comfort us, we beseech thee, even as a mother comforteth her children. Give us courage in the day and songs in the night. Hold back our feet from wandering in any way of doubt or fear or sin. Shield us in every hour of temptation and deliver us from all evil. Fill us with love of the true and the good. Gird us with strength to do thy will. Lead us in the path that shineth more and more, even unto the perfect day. Amen.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

## War.

And in these days when all the earth
Has prophecied of love and peace,
And word has spread of human worth,
The horrors of grim war increase.

The world baptized in human blood,
That nature sought by flowers to hide,
Cried out in grief for brotherhood,
And showed how Christ for man had died.

That form which hung upon the cross,
Because of hate, passed as a ghost—
Wherever souls have suffered loss,
And filled with shame the warrior's boast.

Christ made it sweet to bring the smile,
To clasp the hands of foes as friends,
And by his love would so beguile—
Until each soul each soul defends!

Like wolves let loose on peaceful lands,
We see fierce armies pass along,
Wild mothers stand with outstretched hands—
To save their homes from beasts so strong.

But on, pressed on by passion's power,
The snarling packs of hunger go,
And only He who keeps the hour,
Can see the ravishment and woe!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

# THE PULPIT.

## Progress.

*An Address by Rev. Margaret T. Olmstead Delivered in the Emerson Pavilion, Tower Hill, Wis., Sunday morning, July 27, 1901.*

If humanity appears sometimes to be going backward, instead of forward, it will encourage us to remember that progress is not a continuous ascent, as up a straight slope. Rather is it like the ascending line of a spiral. The world goes onward and upward for a time, then downward and backward for a time, then on and up, and so on, but at each completion of a circle it stands on higher ground than when it began the circle.

Also it may be said that we proceed by leaps and bounds apparently. The world may seem to be standing still or even going backward a few steps sometimes, when it is just gathering itself together, preparing itself, making a good ready to take a great forward leap.

Again, it is a fact that permanent progress is slow. A great deal of humanity's growth, I might say all the healthiest growth, is so slow that we can't see any change taking place. The method of evolution in this respect should be adopted as *our* method in our conscious efforts to help on and this method may be expressed in the homely old maxims, "More haste less speed," "The longest way round is the nearest way home." "The longest way of doing a thing is very often the quickest way of getting it really done; that is, well done, permanently done."

I believe true progress is retarded often by well meaning but thoughtless people, who work to secure quick results, without considering whether the coming generations are likely to gain or lose thereby. Much more of a benefactor is the idealist who sees that there are some occasions when present prosperity must be sacrificed in order to secure a result that shall benefit his children and his children's children. The labor unions justify their strikes on this ground. They don't believe in strikes any more than the rest of us, for the strike's sake. They resent the charge that they care less for their wives and children than for their union. "But," they say, "we care also for the interests of other men's families, even those who will be here when we are dead and gone." Whether the striker is wrong or right in his method, yet we must see that his principle is a true one. Not only the largest amount of progress, but the most rapid progress comes from working on long lines. Hold fast to the essentials, the abiding things, even while dealing with the temporal things.

The present social unrest, of which the strike is but one symptom, may seem to indicate that we are going backward. But this may be a case where the night is darkest just before the dawn. Carroll D. Wright, U. S. Commissioner of Labor, said recently in the *North American Review*:

"It is recognized now that labor conflicts grow out of increasing intelligence. The avoidance or adjustment of such conflicts must be the result of increased intelligence. Fools do not strike; it is only men who have intelligence enough to recognize their condition that make use of this last resort. With increased intelligence they will look back upon the strike period as one of development; and when they shall have accommodated themselves to the new conditions, and when employers shall have recognized the increased intelligence of their employes, these matters will be handled in such a way as to prevent in the future such strikes as we have had in the last twenty years."

As Mr. Wright suggests, education is our watchword; education not only of the laborer, but of the capitalist; not only of those who live in the slums, but of those who dwell on the avenues; education not only of the head and hand, but of the heart and conscience.

We must bear in mind also that true progress, permanent progress requires that all shall rise together. The thought of human solidarity must henceforth and forevermore be associated with our thought of human advancement. No one person, no one sex, no one class, no one race or nation can rise or fall independently of the rise or fall of any other person, sex, class, race or nation. Herbert Spencer says: "No one can be perfectly moral until all are moral; no one can be perfectly wise until all are wise; no one can be perfectly happy until all are happy."

I want to make an application of that truth, for this present year of grace, concerning a very practical and popular form of progress. All progress is one, as the universe is one, but for clear thinking we may divide progress into two kinds, material and spiritual.

When we speak of the building of railroads, the invention of machinery, the growth of business, etc., we are dealing with material progress. When we speak of the increasing intelligence of a people, their advancing moral standards, their growth in honesty, justice, purity, we are dealing with spiritual progress.

Material progress and human progress are not one and the same thing, nor is the one necessarily accompanied by the other. Indeed, material advancement may be sought after in such a way and turned to such account that it actually hinders the advancement of man himself. One may sacrifice the best energies of mind and heart to achieve some material success. This success may draw into its vortex the best life of many other people, so that the good which the enterprise contributes to humanity may be overbalanced by the injury done. A trustworthy report says that 20,000 children under 14 years of age are employed in the cotton mills of the South, in which are invested a large amount of northern capital. Let us not overlook this sad fact when rejoicing in the development of the South.

Real progress is the progress of man himself. The highest progress is spiritual. We all assent to this without question. The thought is so familiar to us, indeed, that we fail to grasp its full meaning. We go on talking about the wonderful progress of this wonderful nineteenth century, just passed away, referring usually to its electrical triumphs, its commercial achievements, rather than to its intellectual and moral gains. When we gaze on a marvelous machine, when we look upon a magnificent building, when we witness a great industrial enterprise, do we stop to consider that far more significant than the thing is the human brain that produced the thing, and most significant of all is the influence which this machine, this building, this institution shall have on the character development of human beings? I do not mean that material progress is not to be sought or is not valuable. I do mean that we should keep in sight the truth that a world wide difference, an everlasting difference between these two forms of progress is that one is a means, the other is an end. One is to help us live, the other is life itself. Material progress must never be sought as an end in itself. If it is so sought it retards and cripples the true progress of humanity. Only when the ultimate object, soul building, is kept constantly in view, does material advancement really count for good rather than ill.

For this reason the next thing to be desired in material progress is not the continued invention of new and startling devices, however superior these might be to those already existing. Rather than that,

our great need is now to bring what we already have within reach of all the people. For example, we don't need an improved telephone so much as we need an improved system of using it. We don't need new railroads so much as we need to have our existing roads operated for the benefit of everybody impartially. At a commercial banquet the other night in Chicago, President James J. Hill, of the North-Western, placed the railroad next after the church and the school as a civilizing agent. I gladly admit that the railroad has proved to be a wonderful civilizer, even in the higher sense of that word. It has been of untold assistance in the diffusion of knowledge and the distribution of useful commodities from one end of the world to the other. It has been the means by which people of differing races and creeds have come to know each other, and the sense of brotherhood has grown and deepened.

But the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone are not doing what they ought to do until they are brought within easy reach of everybody who wants to use them—until they are made to serve humanity at large as the postal system does. There is no reason that I am able to see why these other conveniences should not be just as available to the masses, so-called, as the mails are. The chief difficulty is one of expense, and back of that lies the determining factor of competition. Still back of that, say some, lies the factor of private ownership. That is, it is thought that human nature, being what it is in its present stage of development, very selfish, co-operation and private ownership cannot exist to any great extent in the same world. I should say at any rate, May it not be worth while to make right doing easier and wrong doing harder, worth while to remove the temptations incident to private ownership, of public utilities at least, for a few generations or centuries, until men grow less selfish, more thoughtful of their neighbors' good?

You say this is socialism. Yes, but we need not fear the word. Whatever doubt may exist as to the wisdom of socialist programs, there should be no doubt that the spirit of socialism is the coming spirit. It means the dignity and worth and divineness of every human being. It means equal opportunities to all. It means service—from each according to his ability, to each according to his need. It means brotherhood universal.

Not only the above necessities of modern life, but the comforts, conveniences and refinements of the modern home should be available to all. I plead not for more elaborateness, but for more simplicity. The home is something else than its material environment, but as the soul needs a healthy body, so does the home need a sanitary house.

Why not endeavor to put machinery to its rightful use, that of a labor saver? Too often that is interpreted to mean simply that the employer can save himself the cost of labor by using a machine. This is one legitimate use of it, but the true mission of machinery is to take away the drudgery of work, to lighten toil for the toiler. But the fact is in many cases it has made his burden heavier. Through it he has either been crowded out of his place, or if retained, his work has been made harder, for it is obvious that the tending of a modern machine requires far more intensity of action, more constant concentration of mind, more nervous strain than the old time hand work. Real progress demands a shorter working day for every worker, more leisure for every toiler, whether he be capitalist or humble employe.

True material progress also demands that the products of toil be more justly distributed. It must be admitted that men differ widely in point of skill, in the quality and quantity of their work, in mental ability. The directing manager of a large and complex enterprise does earn a great deal more than his unskilled employe. But the differences in the men, their differences in quantity and quality of service do not begin to compare with their differences in income. If we take the highest standard of wages or salary that is paid for any sort of labor, physical or mental, we cannot make it out that the Rockefellers and Carnegies actually earn their immense incomes. And the part they do not earn is earned by somebody else, earned, but not received.

So although material progress has practically reached a limit in the sense that we are not suffering for any new inventions, there is still great scope for it in the sense of securing material prosperity to *all* the people, not as an end, but a means.

If the "masses" could be delivered from the awful fear of future poverty which now haunts them continually, if it could be made impossible for gigantic private fortunes to be piled up in a few years, so that no one would be tempted to sink body and soul in his business, if more leisure from sordid pursuits could be secured for all classes, rich and poor, cultured and uncultured, wise and foolish, good and bad, we should soon see all such distinctions more rapidly fading away and our ideal of universal brotherhood becoming an actual fact. We need not fear that under such conditions people would be so much alike that life would be uninteresting. As the opportunities of men are equalized, it is only the artificial differences that disappear. With equal freedom to be themselves, there will be a greater variety of individuality than exists today. The more fully we can secure in this present world a condition of society in which all people shall be free to develop their selfhood, to become all that it is in them to become, the more fully are we preparing the way for a mighty onward sweep of spiritual progress. That is what material progress is good for. It helps make a highway for our God. Why not make it a part of our business to see to it that all find the open gates to the heavenly life while they are yet dwelling in this world?

## Home-Keeping at Tuskegee.

In order to give practical demonstration in home-keeping at the Tuskegee Institute, and to develop the sense of responsibility in the work, a four-room house has this year been set aside, in which the Senior young women "keep house." Four girls at a time live in this house and have the entire care of it. They do all the work that pertains to ordinary housekeeping, from the Monday morning's washing to the Saturday's preparation for Sunday. They are also charged with the responsibility of purchasing the food supplies which they consume. Two dollars and a half are allowed for the weekly expenditures for food. In view of the low prices which obtain for provisions here, four girls can live comfortably on this small allowance and have variety and plenty, and at the same time very wholesome food. The lesson of economy is thus taught in the most effective way. The girls learn to appreciate the purchasing power of money—a kind of training which boarding students, who have so much done for them, do not, as a rule, get. They acquire the habit of evolving their own plans; of exercising, unhampered, their own tastes. Regularity, system, exactness, neatness and the feeling of responsibility are all developed.—*The Southern Letter.*

## Worship.

A Sermon Delivered to Sinai Congregation of Chicago, By Dr. E. G. Hirsch.

*Lesson: The 12th Chapter of Isaiah.*

Why do we worship? To every man of thoughtful predisposition and liberal sympathies this query must have come with frequent solicitude and persistent pressure. The more common order of emancipated freethinker, numerous beyond computation in these days, marked by strident speech, and with futile swagger, endeavoring to hide emptiness of idea by impudence of phraseology, will always affect cutting contempt for the worshipful attitude and always scorn the symbols thereof. We cannot move the clouds by our appeals, says he in the plenitude of his wisdom. Would we be so childish as to have forgotten that eternal inexorable law governs the forces and controls the facts of nature? Your petition will not wrench open the gates of heaven; your prayers are powerless to turn hungry stone into harrowed soil. You will not check the wild flight of the tornado with your psalms, nor may you quench the burning thirst of volcano by your litany. And even your own fate is beyond influence by orison and hymn. It is not dependent upon words. May be resolve on your part will modify it. But even this is doubtful. For the domain of human will is narrowly limited. Its privilege is a vexing choice between alternatives. Absolute freedom of decision is denied. You are one of millions, a mere atom, therefore, in a compact unconscious mass. The pressure which the huge monster exercises propels you or arrests you, whatever may be your wishes and however reverently your desires may be phrased in poetic simile. Why, then, would you worship? Private petition as well as public prayer is a survival of thought orbits long since left without light; the stars that erstwhile traveled them having been drawn to new circuits by more powerful planets. The liberal of this common frame of mind may admit that he understands why savage will bend the knee before fetich, or offer some share of his banquet to his idol. For the eternal laws by which tide and tempest are regulated are to the untutored denizen of darkest Africa or the Bushman of Australia unknown concepts. He is still under the conceit that he must placate his deity. Upon his success in winning the favor or disarming the wrath of the powers that his fancy dreads, though they are its own hideous progeny, depends his own triumph or trial. Yea, this enlightened liberal will concede that he can comprehend why the orthodox religionist should intone mass or sing Te Deums or chant Kyries or wing the sanctus to God in heaven, for orthodoxy assumes that somewhere and somehow there be one to listen to prayers, a Father pleased at men's benisons, a Ruler displeased if refused his due homage. God's pleasure, so imagines the believer, will smooth the path before him; God's displeasure will pile up in his way obstacles that cannot be overcome. Health and happiness will reward those that remember their God, while the reverse is the lot of those that forget Him. But for us, says the liberal, who have cruised by the compass of science all the seas of philosophy, and are familiar to the last detail with the latest theories on being and becoming, to bend the knee, to bow the head, to utter prayer, to chant anthem, is impardonable inconsistency. The doctrine upon which such attitude and act rest has lost both virility and vitality.

To this effect runs the cheap declaration of a pseudo-liberalism which is not without its adherents, even among "modern" Jews. But like much else which is huckstered about by it, this, its threadbare argument against worship, displays the barrenness of thought characterizing almost all of its utterances. Free thought, if genuine, will not wear the livery of mere denial. It will not revel in verbose denunciations. Free thought, indeed, is not the essential; clear thought is. Yea, it is questionable whether free thought be possible. Were our freethinkers little less prone to immodesty, and at the same time a little more attentive to logic, they would at once detect that if their arraignment of freedom of action is sound, it sweeps away also the presumption of free thought. Our brain is not a mechanism constructed of virgin material so as to be in every case an absolutely new creation. No child knocks at the gates of life with a mind that is a white blank. Ages that toiled before we were, brains that were busy with puzzles eons before we came, minds that were pondering centuries before we took on the habiliments of clay, exercise their tyrannical sovereignty over our mentality. Our own thoughts, though we know it not, are for a considerable part slavish iterations of the thoughts that germinated and flowered forth in the brains of our unknown and distant progenitors. And again we are under the sceptre of the thought of the mob. Alas! the psychology of the mob is territory unvisited by our much admired, self-admiring liberals. They know not that they, who claim to be leaders, are in earnest reality followers; that the thousands and thousands that breathe at the same moment with them, the millions and millions that inhabit synchronously with them the circling globe, are producing that atmosphere in which they have their intellectual existence. Obeisance to fashion—what is it but the subjection and accommodation of the one to the many? Thousands and thousands of prejudices ferment within us, however forcibly we claim to have mastered and murdered them. What are they, if not the impress upon our own minds by the minds of the millions that are at our side and among whom we are an insignificant and vanishing quantity? Passion and thought are whirling around in the air and we absorb them, and we act upon them. Heredity and environment are titanic, yes, despotic forces that hold in their grasp much of what we dignify as our own convictions. On the basis of the materialistic dispute of freedom of action there can be no such thing as freedom of thinking. A deeper psychology recognizes the grain of truth in the foregoing considerations. But it is as insistent upon establishing their rightful limitations. Thought may struggle to be free, minimize with conscious effort the influences of the past behind us and the impressions of the present about us. Clear thought represses into the background the insidious suggestions of yesterday and the subtle impulses of today. While absolutely free thought there is none, relatively clear thought there may be. On this question of worship we should bid clear thought to enlighten us. Admitted that our petitions have no rule over drought and drench and will neither lift nor lay the gamboling froth-crested breakers of the ocean; that they hold no power to halt or to hurry the clouds or hang the dew on quivering blade, or garland fields in smiles or frighten streams into forgetting laughter, or hush them into silence and haunt them into sluggishness. Withal clear thought comprehends that the focus of our life is not in what nature brings to us, or withholds from us. Crucial solicitude is the attitude we assume toward that which is given unto us, and which is laid upon us. And worship is the attuning of our soul to the music of the world. It is the glad outpouring of uplifting sentiment which finds joy in the poetry of knowing one's self in harmony with the melody that sings within and around us. But it is also the outcry for light when dissonance obtains between what we know we are and what we should be. It is the endeavor not to change conditions, but to adjust ourselves spiritually to them. Yea, weep then and pray, oh mother, for your child

that is sick. That will not lure back the gleam of health to its pale cheeks or hold fast the life you hold so dear. It will not paint roses again on the pale cheeks blanched by the outriders of death, but it will set you into the proper, the sanctified relation to the inevitable. That prayer of yours will reconcile you to the vacant little chair, should such be the sad event, and the unheard prattle of the lips still under the heavy hand of the grim harvester may through your own prayers' might take on a sweetness which when audible it owned not. You will be strengthened to accept the new situation and extract from it a deeper sense of obligation, hard thought it is; and what seemed before cruelty is thus changed by the mystery of submission enunciated in prayer, into kindly duty, and duty is the solvent of every perplexity of life. It is the dominant in man's dignity; it is the substratum of man's never failing strength.

Prayer furthermore is the recognition that fate is not an equation in deserts. The man who suffers and prays is all the better for it, for the prayer which presses to his lips, if a true prayer, is above all a searching of his own heart. It brings before him his life, and this is the irresistible query which will not down, "Have I been true to my opportunities?" If the answer is a negative, then the beclouded as well as the clear sky spells all the more intensely an appeal for reformation of character. And if the sky be overcast and storms be menacing, lowering to cast away our tiny craft upon the cruel rocks, in this supreme situation, it is prayer again that forces upon us the determination to accept and that courageously the decree as eventing from a higher will and as serving a larger purpose. And with this recognition our relation to suffering is changed. The sting is drawn from fate, death has no victory and the grave has no conquest. Thus prayer is the alchemy that changes us, that refines us. We pray to a God above, that we might become more godlike.

But prayers must not speak the language of the individual soul alone. Their notes must ring the universal experiences. This is characteristic especially of Judaism, the good old Judaism, call it orthodox or call it radical, as you will, that its ritual is centered in universal facts, to the neglect of individual desires and individual perplexities.

Turn to the great "universals" that echo forth from the Jewish prayer book. God the Creator is the first motif. His glory is accentuated and acclaimed. Its positive notes of joy at the perfection of creation admonish him who prays this prayer that to live in a world so created, flushed with light, is, indeed, a joy and a privilege. "Thou gavest light to the earth and to them that dwell thereon, and renewest daily the face of Thy creation." These words undo all pessimism as they deny its sombre assumptions. The other universal cloaks into poetic assertion the mystery and the might of Israel's existence. Is it not a mystery? We are, and we cannot die. Many of us would shirk and shake off their Judaism; they cannot. Some would be distinct from us, they are not distinguished above us. Israel is not dead; it will not die. However we may struggle to get rid of the yoke laid upon us in the hour of our birth, our efforts appear to be bootless. Is this not mystery? The words of the prayerbook enunciate it. "Great superabundant mercy, hast Thou shown unto us." This confession sets us in the proper, a spiritual relation to the destiny which has mysteriously been assigned us. What is the meaning of our wonderful career? Have we discovered it when we set ourselves upon a high pedestal and burn incense to ourselves? Good Lord, no. To tell the world that we are great, that every man that belongs to us, and every woman born in our household is great? Good Lord, no. But if the one force that runs through all of the world's history is divine purpose, then we are chosen for a purpose and a service to the world. What may it be? To "learn and to teach." These two universals the Jewish prayer exposes. Is there in this as much as the faintest suspicion of begging? Is there in this a suggestion of the conceit that we can change anything but ourselves? But ourselves we can change. Deny this, and your ethics falls to the ground. Deny this, and your humanity evaporates.

Still even little earnest thought will impress the certainty that language is a very poor instrument of prayer. Language is too clear and too definite—ought to be clear at all events; ought to be definite under all circumstances. And again, language is limited; it is symbolic. It reflects the circumscribed experiences of humanity. But there are concepts which cannot be cast into the definite molds of human speech. Take, for instance, that which is the highest: God. What human tongue has power to do it justice? Is this a new thought come to us perhaps from the agnostics of modern times? One or the other of you will remember another gem of the old ritual, the "Nishmat." If so, I need not do more than recite its stately phraseology to bring back to him also the soundly Jewish modesty, which refused to believe that words never so chaste or copious could express the Ineffable: "The soul of all living praise to be Thee, oh God."***"Were our mouths as full of praise as is the sea of briny water, were tongues of angels ours, we could not condignly name or praise Thee."

We knew then before the day of biology, morphology, mineralogy, anthropology and God knows what else that God cannot be expressed in human symbols. And therefore the truest prayer is unspoken. But God gave to man a language which needs not words. It is song; it is music. Music, music which tames the brute in man. In majesty and mystery the ideal struggles for utterance and cannot attain it but in music. The poet's lyre would express the love of mother for babe. Where are the words that can do this so sacred relation full justice? Where is the human pen that can describe it? Thousands and thousands of Madonnas have been painted. Every Madonna is an attempt to bring it out. Yet they all fall far short of conveying that which binds mother to child. Even Raphael's Madonnas are only attempts that lack; are tongues which stammer; and music is an universal language. It appeals to the cultured as well as to the untutored. It overleaps all national boundaries; it defies all artificial lines of cleavage that geography has drawn or our social conceits have brought into prominence. Yet in its universality, some music has messages that other rhythm cannot carry. True Jewish music has a ring of its own. Jewish music sets to harmony what is fundamentally and universally Jewish. God and the god-created man for whom to live is joy and for whom this joy spells duty.

Hence, all that music which runs in minors, which gives expression to the thought crushing and hampering that the world is blackened and blasted with sin, that man is a worm, that he has lost his dignity,—is not Jewish, and it is an intruder in true Jewish worship. The minor note may perhaps be heard in Jewish worship when we remember the sufferings of Israel. Even today this rare minor note may at proper seasons speak to us of the sad fact that the Jew after twenty centuries of Christian civilization, so-called, is treated as if he were an outcast, and held in bondage compared to which that of Egypt was paradise. With-al the minor plaintive key is only occasional. Even in Orthodox Judaism we are reminded that through all this suffering of exile—the retribution for sin—would come the glorious redemption of Zion, re-risen

in joy and glory. Our Judaism does not wear a garment of sin and sorrow; it is apparelled in joy forever.

Does an hour spent in thoughtful and joyful worship not exalt us? Does not its fragrance fill our hearts with mirth and assurance? Need we not these moments of freedom from the dust of our salesrooms, of our dirty sweatshops, into which iron egotism has cast men—our brother men and our sisters; the dust of our filthy streets; the dust vitiating the atmosphere of strife, of rivalry, of higgling and haggling, bargaining and buying and selling, in a double sense of the word—selling goods and selling men. Our lungs are filled with dust; but so are also our souls. We need the hour of worship, of prayer, in an atmosphere into which the jargon of trade and of treadmill cannot intrude. Who will say that such an hour is wasted? The true man will not. For him such an hour is a blessing. It is an inspiration that makes strong. It changes him and his ways of thinking. It changes his relations toward his fellow men; it puts his soul into harmony with the music of the God-made world, with that yet unsounded of the unborn day of a nobler God-filled humanity.

Let us worship but in Joy. Let us sing in gladness. "You will sing" says my text, "You will drink the waters out of the wells of strength." We repair to the watering places to recuperate and regain our physical vigor. But our mind and our soul need also the invigorating stimulus. But we have not far to go to find it. It might abound in our homes; in our temples. Worship, which shows that which is worthy, and makes one feel that if unworthy he be, he must strive to become worthy, is to the soul what air and light is to the body. We shall worship and become purer every day and every year. The Jewish prayer dealing in Israel's universals is indeed a fountain of health, a well of salvation.

## The Pigeons We Feed.

On the cross-beam of the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well;
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air.
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till cross the dial his shade has pass'd,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirr'd;
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.
Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

—*N. P. Willis.*

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

## The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
*Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.*

### XLIII.

**David and Jonathan.**

I must tell you more now about the beautiful friendship between David and Jonathan. All this while they had been most fond of each other, and it had pleased Jonathan very much that his sister should become the wife of David. Whenever it had been possible Jonathan had been of service to him and stood by him. Ever since those days, for hundreds and thousands of years, people have talked about this friendship because it was so perfect. Whenever they wanted to describe how two men were friends to each other in a devoted way they had said, "They are like David and Jonathan." I must therefore show you how they stood by each other.

It must have been very sad indeed for Jonathan to know how his father felt toward David. You see, a father is a father, and Jonathan truly loved his father. What was more, Saul was a good father to Jonathan; the unfortunate thing was the bad feeling in the heart of Saul, the wicked jealousy which had started there and had grown into hate toward David.

What do you suppose Saul said, therefore, to his son Jonathan? Why, he commanded him to kill David. What an awful blow this must have been, to be told that he must kill his own dearest friend! Now Jonathan knew that this would be wrong. He was a grown man; he had to judge for himself, and he knew that it would not be right for him to slay David. As my story runs, Saul spoke to Jonathan his son and to all his servants that they should slay David. But Jonathan, Saul's son, delighted much in David, and Jonathan told David, saying: "Saul, my father seeketh to slay thee; now therefore I pray thee take heed to thyself in the morning and abide in a secret place and hide and I will commune with my father of thee, and if I see aught, I will tell thee."

And Jonathan spoke good of David to Saul his father, and said unto him: "Let not the king sin against his servant, David; for he hath not sinned against thee, and his works have been to thee very good; he put his life into his hands and smote the Philistines and a great victory was won for all Israel; thou sawest it and did rejoice. Wherefore dost thou sin against innocent blood, to slay David without a cause?"

I am glad to say that Saul's heart was touched by this appeal from his brave son. He had loved this boy, and he felt heartily ashamed of what he had been doing. His conscience had stirred within him. Sometimes, you know, a man's conscience will get all covered over, and then again be aroused by a voice like this and make a man feel ashamed. And so it was voice of Jonathan and he said, "David shall not be put to death."

Fancy how glad Jonathan must have been that he could now love his father and David as he had before, and also keep his father from doing a great wrong! You see, what Saul had planned would not only have been murder or the most awful crime one could commit, but besides this there would have been an awful ingratitude after what David had done for him.

For a time now all went happily. David was brought into the presence of Saul and served in his army. Every now and then he also played on the harp before Saul when the bad moods came over the king. But

one time, alas! the wicked jealousy started up again in the heart of the king as he listened to David playing on the harp. It is so hard, you see, for bad feelings to keep down out of sight after they have once had an influence over a man and a man has once listened to them. All of a sudden the hate which Saul felt overcame him, and Saul sought to smite David again with his spear. But David slipped away and fled to his home. Then Saul sent messengers unto David's house to watch him so that they could slay him in the morning. And Michal, David's wife, told him, saying: "If thou save not thy life to-night, to-morrow thou shalt be slain."

So Michal let David down through a window, and he went and fled and escaped.

The only thing that David could do now was to go once more to his friend Jonathan. He knew that it would be very hard to bear, when his friend was told how the bad feeling had arisen once more in the heart of Saul. But Jonathan had to know about it, and David said: "What have I done, what is my iniquity, what is my sin before thy father, that he seeketh my life?" And Jonathan answered: "Thou shalt not die; behold, my father doeth nothing either great or small but that he discloseth it unto me, and why should my father hide this thing from me? It is not so."

This must have come very hard for poor David. He had to tell Jonathan plainly what Saul was trying to do, and to tell him this about Jonathan's own father. If David could have done it, he would have spared his friend and gone away. But he had to tell the truth. Jonathan would know it sooner or later. And David said to Jonathan: "Thy father knoweth it well that I have found grace in thine eyes; and he saith, let not Jonathan know this, lest he be grieved. But, truly as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death." And Jonathan said unto David: "Whatever thy soul desireth I will do it for thee." And David said unto Jonathan: "Behold, to-morrow is the new moon, and I should not fail to sit with the king at meat. But let me go, that I may hide myself in the field until the third day at even. If thy father miss me at all, then say, David earnestly asked to go away. If Saul say thus. It is well, thy servant shall have rest; but if he be wroth, then know that evil is determined by him. Therefore, deal kindly with thy servant. But if there be in me iniquity, slay me thyself, for why shouldest thou bring me to thy father?" And self, for why should thee bring me to thy father?" And Jonathan said: "Far be it from me; for if I should at all know that evil were determined by my father to come upon thee, then would not I tell it thee?" And Jonathan said unto David: "Come, let us go out into the field." And they went out, both of them, into the field.

And Jonathan said unto David: "When I have sounded my father about this time to-morrow or the third day, behold, if there be good toward David shall I not send then unto thee and disclose it unto thee? To-morrow is the new moon; thou shalt be missed, for thy seat will be empty. When thou hast stayed three days, thou shalt come to the place where thou didst hide thyself before, and shalt remain by the stone Ezel. And I will shoot three arrows, as though I shot at a mark; and behold, I will send the lad, saying: 'Go, find the arrows.' If I say unto the lad, 'Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee,' take them and come, for there is peace to thee and no hurt. But if I say thus unto the boy, 'Behold, the arrows are beyond thee,' go thy way."

So David hid himself in the field. And when the new moon was come, the king sat him down to eat meat, and the king sat upon his seat as at other times; and Jonathan stood up, and Abner sat by Saul's side. But David's place was empty. Nevertheless Saul said not anything that day, for he thought something had befallen him. And it came to pass on the morrow after the new moon, the second day, David's place was empty, and Saul said unto Jonathan, his son: "Wherefore comes not the son of Jesse?" And Jonathan answered Saul: "David asked leave of me to go away." Then Saul's anger was kindled against Jonathan, and he said unto him: "Do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own shame; for as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom."

We have found out now what was the real cause of the bad feeling on the part of Saul. He was afraid that the people would become very fond of David and want to make David king; and he was trying to arouse the same bad feeling in the mind of Jonathan, so that Jonathan might become jealous and anxious lest he should not become king after his father's death. In this way Saul surely felt that he would be able to win his son Jonathan over to do as he told him. And he said therefore to Jonathan: "Send now and fetch David unto me, for he shall surely die." And Jonathan answered Saul his father and said unto him: "Wherefore should he be put to death? What has he done?" Then Saul in his fury cast his spear at Jonathan, trying to kill him. You can see now how bad Saul had become. He had lost all self-control, so that in his anger he would even kill his own boy. It must have almost broken the heart of poor Jonathan. In sorrow he had to go away. He left the table without eating anything, for he was grieved for David because of what his father was trying to do. You notice that nothing is said about Jonathan being grieved about himself. All that troubled him now was that wicked feeling which he had observed in his father's heart, and the fact that his friend David's life was in danger.

Then it came to pass the next morning that Jonathan went out in the field at the time appointed with David, with a little lad with him; and he said unto the lad: "Run, find the arrows which I shoot." And as the lad ran he shot an arrow beyond him, and when the lad was come to the place of the arrow Jonathan cried after him and said, "Is not the arrow beyond thee?" And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows and came to his master, but the lad knew not anything. Only David for himself understood what it meant. And Jonathan gave his weapons unto the lad and said unto him: "Go, carry them to the city." And as soon as the lad was gone David arose out of his place and came to Jonathan and they embraced and wept one with the other, and Jonathan said to David: "Go in peace."

This was enough. Their hearts were too full to speak. David knew he must flee or die. And Jonathan could not do anything for his friend, but had to go back to the city, sad at heart.

To the Teacher: This should be narrated more as a tale of sentiment, with the emphasis on the beautiful relationship between David and Jonanthan; saying little further of Saul's bad spirit or evil conduct. On the other hand, point out the noble attitude of Jonathan toward his father and how he tried to shield his parent and defend him, while all the while aiming to protect David. Dwell much upon this beautiful friendship between David and Jonathan so that the incidents shall never be forgotten in the minds of the young people.

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"The nobler man's spirit, and the more sensitive his devotion to the best, the keener is his appreciation of his shortcomings, and the more depressing his remorse at his weaknesses and mistakes.

# THE STUDY TABLE.

## Notes.

Two books lie on the table, quite similar in character; and though originating from very different classes of people, they show that there is a growing agreement in the way of looking at the question of labor and capital. The first of these books comes from Doubleday, Page & Co., and is entitled "The Trusts; Its Book." This volume is a presentation of the several aspects of this latest form of industrial evolution. It is edited by James H. Bridge, from the writings of Charles R. Flint, James J. Hill, S. C. T. Dodd, Francis B. Thurber and Mr. Bridge himself. It has, in an appendix, a long list of opinions concerning trusts, from our best thinkers and most prominent business men. UNITY will bear in mind that I have steadily refused to say one word in condemnation of the trust as an industrial development. I am glad to see that sanity is at last reached by our political parties, and by most of our editorial fraternity. Mr. Flint says justly that the time has come when indiscriminate criticism of such combinations should be given up. "The truth is that such combinations are the evolution of our manufacturing industries; and they represent advantages similar to those which resulted from the introduction of manufactures into the country. They stand for the highest development of manufacturing; as extended railway systems, the telegraph and telephone systems stand for the highest development of transportation." It is undoubtedly true that great aggregations of capital ultimate to the advantage of laborers, as well as capitalists. The trust, properly defined, is purely the co-operative work of capital. It is displacing an enormously cumbersome and complicated system of doing business. While it can be abused, it cannot possibly work, in the long run, as much mischief as the unregulated competition, which it displaces. Mr. Hill says that it is his conviction, we are only on the threshold of a new era; and we can only say that so far as we have gone the alleged injury of the trust is not to the consumer. "The consumer is assured of lowered prices, when a big concern is the producer, because such a concern must have a steady market. In railroading, operating expenses have to be reduced by combining properties, and so cutting down the list of high priced offices. When there were a dozen presidents, each drawing a big salary, we have only one president and one salary," etc. Prof. Sumner, of Yale, says: "We have before us a grand transformation of industrial method. There can be no farther question except safeguards and regulations." Prof. Clark, of Columbia, says: "It means the survival of the most productive forms of business." J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture, said: "There need be, in my judgment, no apprehension as to the trusts crushing out competition." Samuel M. Jones, the reform mayor of Toledo, says: "The trust is preparing the way, showing society the great benefit that may be derived through association in industry, and the great economic value of association in both production and distribution."

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The other book to which I referred is "Labor and Capital," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and edited by John P. Peters, D.D. This is another volume made up of the very best presentations of such questions as The Relation of Employers and Employed; Trusts and Labor Unions; Combinations of Employers and the Employed; Conciliation and Arbitration; Model Industries—such as co-operation and stock sharing; Socialism and The Single Tax. I do not know a volume that can be put in the hands of everybody, better fitted to create healthy sentiment, than this book. The articles produced are by such men as Carroll D. Wright, Henry Demarest Lloyd, John Mitchell, Nicholas Paine Gilman, N. O. Nelson of St. Louis, Bishop Potter of New York, Prof. Clark of Columbia, and many more of equal ability, as specialists, in different departments. In fact, the book is invaluable, and should have a circulation of the widest character. It is sane throughout, although allowing all parties a fair hearing. The greatest amount of space has been given to the subject of arbitration. The organization of the National Civic Federation is explained, and discussed. One section is given to socialism and the single tax. It will surprise most people to note how rational the ablest leaders of this party can be, when they put their opinions carefully before the public. The subject of trusts is carefully discussed; and the editor tells us that he finds an almost universal absense of the popular outcry, which three years ago, found its way into the political platforms. These two books are of a type which can be highly commended. They give us, not the opinion of a single man, nor a labored argument from a single standpoint; but they give us the best adjusted conclusions of the foremost reformers of this generation. Ernest Howard Crosby, Everett P. Wheeler, Jacob A. Riis, Charles Francis Adams and Samuel Gompers will be heard from with delight, quite equal to that which is afforded by Cardinal Gibbons, Henry White and J. J. Hill. I commend the two volumes in the very highest terms. They are, in a sense, parts of one book.

E. P. POWELL.

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## In Alaska.

The Seattle *Weekly Times* tells of a combat between a man and a huge glacier bear in Alaska, in which the life of the man was saved *by a small mongrel dog, which he had threatened several times to kill,* because, as he said the dog was "no account." When the bear had struck down the man and beaten him into insensibility, it started away, carrying the unconscious body. The faithful dog followed and bit the heels of the monster until it dropped its burden and turned its attention to the dog. The trusty servitor made a hurried escape, drawing the bear after him. A second time did the bear return and try to drag the body of the man to its lair. A second time did the dog so worry and harass the Arctic animal that it was again forced to drop its prey. At this time a party of rescuers came and killed the bear. The torn and bleeding form of the man was carried back to camp, and his life was saved.

A dog is often the best friend a man has. It does not desert him in misfortune. His friends may turn from him in the hour of trouble, but his dog—never. Through summer's heat and the winter's wind, *whether or not* there be food and shelter, the faithful animal will follow.

Without murmur or desertion it will receive the kicks of its master in his fits of ill-temper, and run to lick his hand when the sunshine comes again. It will guard his home, watch over his children, protect his wife—and all without price or hope of reward.

There is no more sincere mourner. In many cases he has remained for days watching his master's grave. —*Our Dumb Animals.*

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Cheerfulness—enforced at first—by and by inspires a gracious contentment; and self-sacrifice—at first a conscious struggle—loses itself in the self-forgetfulness of love. In such ways as these the daily crosses of duty change into the many-rayed crown of life.—*Brooke Herford.*

# THE HOME.

## Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The best type of Christianity has in it the element of perfect politeness.
MON.—The blossom of a man's behavior, the fruits of his achievements, show what kind of a man he is.
TUES.—By obedience to law we avoid mutual interference, and accomplish most readily the true aims of existence.
WED.—It always lies within our power to belong to the "nobility," by virtue of noble action and character.
THURS.—The trustful, heroic, manly method of meeting trial is to convert it into a new means of usefulness and grace.
FRI.—There is no spur like necessity. In response to its call the finest results of history have been achieved.
SAT.—Christianity goes beyond justice, into the realm of sacrifice. ABRAM CONKLIN.

## Learn a Little Every Day.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the ocean billows,
Onward, onward as they go!
Tiny seeds make boundless harvests;
Drops of rain compose the showers;
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours.
Let us hasten, then, and catch them,
As they pass us on our way;
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day!

—*The Myrtle.*

## Courage.

It is natural to admire acts of courage in warfare. Every one who reads of Farragut's entering the harbor of Mobile tied to the mast of his flagship is thrilled with his daring and courage. There were the forts and the hostile ships that sent their leaden hail of destruction against him. It was necessary that he, the commander, should see what was going on in order that he might give the proper commands. He concluded that the surest way to attain this end was by keeping himself immovable in a certain position. He faced the hostile bullets and balls without flinching. He was courageous in the fulfilment of his duty.

In every war, on sea or on land, examples of courage and daring occur. During a naval battle with the Turks a shell, with a burning match attached, fell on the deck of a man-of-war. A young ensign rushed up to it, seized it and threw it overboard before it could explode.

During the seven years' war with France the commander of a little fort—Vincennes—gave proof of unusual courage. He was alone with two soldiers in his fort when the news came that a body of French regulars and thousands of Indians, their allies, were advancing to take it. One of the men suggested that of course the place must be surrendered. "Surrendered?" cried the old commander. "We shall see about that." He had at once the only gun in the place, an old howitzer, put in order and loaded and the approaches to the fort barred as well as he could. When the hostile force drew up before the fort and demanded its surrender he discharged his gun and made such a display of firing as to create the impression that the fort was well garrisoned. When he could hold out no longer he secured the best terms and the permission to leave the place with the honors of war. Great was the astonishment of his enemies when they beheld the force that had resisted them so long.

But courage is a virtue of universal application, if we rightly understand it. The word courage meant originally heart. To have a heart was to have strength and energy. Compared with the head the heart is the seat of the feelings. A strong, vigorous heart is full of strong and vigorous feelings. The head or brain is cool, the heart is warm; therefore, while the head should command and govern, the heart must furnish the power to obey and *execute*.

Courage may appear in various ways, principally in two. It may be shown in the calm bearing up during adversity or in the fearless motion forward to overcome resistance. To sit down, complaining and bewailing one's wretchedness is to be devoid of courage, to be a coward. To recede and yield, in the presence of opposition, without first using all the resources, all the strength one has in fighting that opposition, is characteristic of a weakling. The example of Columbus has often been quoted as that of a man in whom courage was the most conspicuous quality. There is no better example on record, and it teaches more than the obvious lesson that perseverance is the secret of success, for it teaches that the man who has worked hard to discover a truth must expect to meet with enemies among the prejudiced and the ignorant, and that to give up to them would be to betray the truth. Columbus was persevering and he was courageous. He may not have been altogether a good man. It is certain he had some of the vices of men in general and of the time when he lived in particular. But he was a man who had a profound conviction, willing and ready to shun no inconvenience or danger in the attempt to prove the correctness of his views. It is often only by sheer courage that a great work is carried through, though that work may have been suggested by profound convictions. When the colony of Massachusetts defied the power of England at Bunker Hill and Lexington cool reason may have taken her head in disapproval, but the warm hearts of the "embattled farmers" urged them on to fire "a shot that was heard round the world." Courage differs from foolhardiness, but it is often difficult to draw the line, and it is not always fair to call an attempt foolhardy simply because it did not succeed in the presence of overwhelming odds. The difference is in this: Courage is the quality of the sober and earnest man; foolhardiness is generally found with people who allow their passions to get the better of them. True courage may be united with prudence; foolhardiness has no discretion. The former is needed every day and by every one; the latter is at best an excusable excess, though generally a very dangerous fault.

In saying courage is needed every day we mean that a stout heart is required to bear up pleasantly, or at least patiently, under the trials that every day brings. Hence it is a peculiarity of the best kind of courage that it is found allied with patience. It takes courage to resist vice; to remain truthful, honest, temperate and just. It takes courage to do the right, in spite of the disheartening effect of ridicule; but it also takes patience. An impatient outbreak will not advance us. True courage is both calm and persistent. It does not indulge in fault-finding, still less in ridicule. But it urges us on to work in the face of adversity and to push forward in spite of failures and difficulties.

True courage is found in the humblest relations of life. It is that which enables the hardworking father to keep a bright smile for his wife and children, in spite of poverty, and leaves to the mother her girlish buoyancy in the midst of toil and trouble. It is found in the schoolboy who is not blessed with a good memory and for whom the acquisition of knowledge is the hardest kind of work, but who sets his teeth and mutters: "I will, I must, I shall get this—I *will* not stay behind the others; I will be as good as the best."

In one of those terrible wars in Europe a young man lost both his arms. He had made his living as a bookkeeper and was a splendid penman. But what was he to do now? The government paid him a small pension, but it was very small, for European countries do not pay their invalids pensions of the kind we pay in this country. But he was a courageous young man;

he did not give up. But what could he do? He had lost his hands and his arms, but had he not a mouth, teeth, a pair of lips? He learned to write with his mouth, and after a while could write so well that he found paying employment. He had to make many attempts before he succeeded, and it often seemed as though despair would seize his soul and unman him. But his courage was such that he persevered.

But even if no success be in prospect, even in the face of death, it behooves a man to be courageous. No one can prevent the inevitable, but every one may so conduct himself as to be manly and courageous to the last.

To lose courage permanently is the greatest misfortune that can befall any one. "To lose courage is worse than never to have been born," a wise man has said. And this is true, for courage is the motive power of our actions, and without this power the mind cannot act. Hence lack of courage is lack of real life. A stout heart and a pure one joined to a clear intellect and health, these are greatest of all blessings. Without them all outward prosperity is a delusion. But if one was not born with a strong and stout heart, is there a way to make it strong? Is there a way to make one's self courageous if one is by nature timid and inclined to despair?

Most assuredly there is. A great poet, Goethe, tells this of himself: I was often anxious to climb high objects, mountains, towers and ruins, to enjoy the view and also to inform myself in various ways, but whenever I attempted to ascend a considerable height I felt a dizziness that I thought I could never overcome. I lacked the natural courage that many others have. But I reflected. Why could I not train myself so as to overcome this weakness?" In Strassburg, in Alsace, where he was a student at the university, he found an opportunity. Being a great lover of art, he studied admiringly the great cathedral, one of the oldest works of German architecture. But to do so thoroughly it was necessary to visit the upper parts of the tall spire, and in trying to do this he was again overcome by that dizziness which was only the outward sign of fear. His love for the study and his strong will were such, however, that he at last succeeded, and in order to make it a *habit never to be afraid* in climbing such heights he went frequently to the very top, as high as it was possible to go. He discovered that the oftener he did this the greater grew his courage, and he states in his fascinating autobiography that the success he reached here enabled him later to feel perfectly at ease at great heights, both in mountains and in the ancient buildings of Rome, where his love of study and investigation often led him to run considerable risk.

Some people, perhaps most, have a great fear of cold water for a bath. They miss this splendid opportunity for hardening their body and thus enabling them to withstand the violent changes of the weather to which so many succumb. And yet, if they trained themselves to get gradually used to colder and colder water they would finally enjoy an ice-cold bath every day in the winter.

Many refined young people are naturally shy. They shrink from publicity. They do not dare to speak freely to others who might be able and willing to help them in some way. This shyness is a sort of cowardice. It should be fought and a true courage which is neither impudence nor audacity should be developed. It can be done by persistent efforts.

There is no situation in life when courage will not be of benefit. The truly courageous man is the man to whom others will look in the hour of trial. He has the natural and true dignity that entitle him to rank with the true noblemen of nature. And this nobility any one may possess, even in this democratic country of ours.

C. A. EGGERT.


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## THE FIELD.

*"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."*

### The Woman Who Stands at the Tub.

You will read of the heroes of life
And the valorous deeds they have done,
For the world is aflame with the light of the name
Of a man who is back of the gun;
But give me the pen that can write
Of the soil that gives life to the rose:
Of the woman whose realm is to stand at the helm
Though her ship's but a basket of clothes;
Wash and rinse and wring,
Soap and soak and rub;
Oh, give me the words that may fittingly sing
Of the woman who stands at the tub!

Not she who is gifted and great,
Surrounded by honor and friends,
Has need of my praise, for the trend of her ways
Leads forward to prosperous ends;
But the one who is drifting through life
In a bark that is meager and mean;
Who stands in her place with a smile on her face
And is keeping her little world clean;
Toil in cold and heat,
Soap and soak and rub;
Oh, give me a tribute to lay at the feet
Of the woman who stands at the tub!

—*Florence Josephine Boyce in Good Housekeeping.*

Des Moines, Iowa.—The July number of the *Old and New* was editorially transferred from Davenport to Des Moines. It is an illustrated number and sets forth the twenty-five years of life of the Unitarian church of that city, the ministry of which includes such names as Effinger, Hunting, Clute, Harvey, Miss Hultin, Miss Safford and Miss Jenney. The anniversary was made more glad and significant by the presence of Mrs. S. S. Hunting, the beloved widow of the tireless missionary.

### A Tower Hill Letter.

Dear Friends All:

How can I best give to you a pen picture of the life at Tower Hill, where we are living "on the heights" both physically and mentally, is the question which has persistently recurred to me in the last few hours?

Shall I tell you of my first impressions of the open air pavilion, with its plain wood mantel upon which is carved the great word, *Evolution*, and of the reading desk, not made, but which consists of a large tree trunk, which was so daintily draped with mountain fringe and maidenhair ferns for the Sunday services, or proceed at once to tell of the lessons and lectures which are given therein by able teachers, thereby making possible both processes, Involution and Evolution? The lessons in the "Growth of Christianity" are most broadening in their effect with their various texts. The one from Jerome comes to me now as most appropriate to this time and place: "Others may think what they like but to me the town is a prison, and solitude a paradise."

On Thursday evening Jenkin Lloyd Jones' lecture upon Verestchagin, illustrated by stereopticon, was largely attended by the people of the surrounding valleys, and most interesting to young and old. Mr. Jones' glowing account, preceding the exhibition, was an able substitute for the lack of color in the pictures. Special attention was called to the series of five pictures called, "The Interrupted Letter," the sixth one being still lacking. As these pictures were presented, in my own mind was the picture of the home of a dear friend, from whence a bright young fellow of twenty-one went forth and who now occupies a nameless grave in Cuba. Mr. Jones seemed particularly to desire to impress upon his hearers the inhumanity of war between those who call themselves human.

Sunday dawned clear and cloudless—a veritable midsummer's day, and as it was called "Farmers' Day," the farmers came, from far and near, to morning service, which was followed by a picnic dinner in the woods, with an afternoon service at 2 p. m. In the morning Jenkin Lloyd Jones delivered a stirring appeal for more "selflessness." I will not give his text, but the keynote of the address was the old French motto, "Noblesse oblige." He clearly showed that whatever may be one's possession, be it beauty, wealth or talent, it should be used for the uplifting of others. With this motto we might well place as a companion the German motto, "Ich dien!!" Rev. R. Olmstead, of Iowa, followed with a delightful tribute to the beauties of nature.

At 2 p. m. Mr. A. P. Wilder, editor of the State Journal of Madison, gave an inspiring and patriotic account of Lincoln, after which Mrs. Margaret Olmstead, of Iowa, took up the subject, "Are We Progressing?" and certainly proved to her hearers that we are, notwithstanding lapses, private and public, of which we may be conscious. The services closed with the singing of the words, "The Truth Goes Marching On," which had a prophetic ring. Mr. Jones is certainly training a regiment up here to go forth and battle with foes, visible and invisible. Sunday evening Mr. Jones read dialect poems from Riley, Kipling, Markham and Drummond. We are still looking forward to the pleasure of hearing Browning's Saul.

Monday morning we were loth to leave Browning's "Ring and The Book," to relinquish the opportunity of studying this masterpiece with Mr. Jones as interpreter, but the arrangement of the programme called for "The Arthurian Legends," the class conducted by Miss Annie B. Mitchell. Miss Mitchell has devoted much time and study to this folklore, and her teachings are very valuable, and clearly and forcibly given. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," so dear and familiar to all of us, are traced back to their Welsh origin, in the sixth century. It is needless to say the lessons grow daily in interest. By request, Mr. Jones will read Richard Hovey's "Quest of Merlin" Wednesday afternoon on the porch of West Hope cottage.

Tuesday evening, Mr. T. S. Adams, of Madison University, spoke informally upon "Porto Rico." A recent two years' residence there qualified him to speak with authority upon the various social problems which that island has brought to the United States government.

Although in letters prior to this the beauties of Tower Hill have been commented upon I may not close without my offering. Morning walks have shown us the crimson of the tanagers' wing, an after glow from the last night's setting sun, the goldfinch's dress, colored by close contact with the sun and the blue sky reflected by the blue bird and indigo bunting, and our hands are laden with beautiful lavendar clusters of bergamot and golden black-eyed Susans, together with hazel boughs and button bush branches.

One word in closing about the genius of the place. Mr. Jones, whose cheery voice, twinkling eyes, warm hand clasp and rousing appeal for all that is just and right, make the place. I came here a stranger and they took me in and made me one with them, and daily, hourly, have I felt it was good to be here, where, if anywhere, plain, simple living and high thinking, is most truly practiced. Yours cordially,

HENRIETTA M. GRAVES.

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THE PROBLEM OF THE SMALL NATION.—Professor T. G. Masaryk's university course on the philosophy of the history of a small nation was half over when I returned to Chicago. The statistical and ethnological survey of the Slavic nations, particularly the Bohemians, as well as some account of the Bohemian Reformation, of John Huss, Peter Kheltshirtsky, founder of the Bohemian Brethren; Amos Comenius, the Bohemian teacher of nations; of the Counter-Reformation, of John Kollar, founder of theoretic Pan-Slavism; of the revolution of 1848 and Francis Poletsky, Bohemian historian and political leader; of Charles Havlitchek, national leader under the reaction after 1849, and Augustin Smetana, his excommunication and his social philosophy—all these had been given and had prepared the way for the consideration of existing conditions and present and future problems.

To one who could not have the whole course this was a most opportune time to come in, and the masterly outline of the development of government in Austria from the most complete absolutism to its present limited constitutionalism, formed a not inadequate prelude to all the lectures which followed. The complete nature of the empire as to race, language and ideals and the obstacles to a strong, centralized government even under a constitution, were made plain. Following this same line of thought, the next lecture was an attempt to give a general idea of what is known in Europe as nationalism. This is a conception hard for an American to grasp, because, notwithstanding our mixed population, we practically do not have the conditions here. Two forces were pointed out as largely responsible for the development of nationalism in Europe, the Reformation and the wars of Napoleon. In the Middle Ages there was no such thing, the Roman church, the Latin language held Europe in the bonds of great common social and religious ideals and a universal tongue. The crusaders were moved by a common impulse and fought for the common cause. Even the Renaissance, the Humanists, tended rather to internationalism; but with the breaking down of religious unity, the assertion of liberty of conscience, came not merely individualism, but the beginnings of nationalism. It could be but a hasty sketch he gave us, touching on the early rise of France, her long leadership among the nations, the predominance of her language and influence, until Napoleon's ambitious dreams of a world-empire brought a new element into European wars, and in the struggle against him for the first time Russians fought as Russians, Germans as Germans, with a distinct national consciousness. Anti-Semitism, too, was touched upon in this connection. It has been said that nationalism is selfish and brutal. It may, indeed, be guilty of great brutality, but it is also capable of great sacrifice and high ideals. Nationalism, we were told, is not devotion to the state, the government, or even the country. I fancy it would be difficult for most of Prof. Masaryk's hearers now to give any definition of it that he would consider satisfactory, but for our better understanding of its spirit he proceeded in his next lecture to concrete illustration in his exposition of the Slavic ideal.

The Slav dreams of himself as the regenerator of Europe, the savior not merely of Russia, but of the western nations. Ever since Peter the Great opened on the banks of the Neva that "eye into Europe" there has been the Russian problem, the dual life there; western thought and culture over against the Russian ideals; Europe and Asia face to face; one party believing that salvation lies in acceptance of western civilization, the other convinced that more than the national salvation depends on loyalty to the old. The Slavophile believes that the national church, the Greek or Eastern church, has kept closest to the primitive Christian faith; that the Roman Church fell away; that Protestantism was another step in the degeneration; that its various sects are but fragments of a fragment necessarily inadequate for the redemption of society.

The power of Russian literature lies in its ever recurring statement of the national problem. All the great Russian writers deal with it. The reason Tolstoi ranks so high in England and America is because his great predecessors are little known. Tolstoi has but restated the old problems in new form, he has added scarcely one original idea. Dostoievski,—almost unknown in English-speaking lands—was the great Russian thinker and philosopher. What is his first question? The meaning of suicide. There are 60,000 recorded suicides a year in Europe; 2,000 suicides of children yearly. What does it mean? Loss of religion; loss of faith. The atheist will kill either another or himself.

This is the problem that forces itself on the thoughtful in other literatures,—on Byron in "Manfred," Goethe in "Faust," etc. It links itself with the question of nationalism in Russia in this wise: Dostoievski and others see that the cultured Europeans cannot face life, while the peasant under all the privations and trials of his lot never thinks of suicide. It is the simplicity of his faith, it is religion that saves him. This, then, must be held fast. The Russian's marvelous capacity for the acquisition of languages and his strong social nature are other qualifications for his mission, enabling him to familiarize himself with the best thought in other lands and to sympathize with other peoples; but he must hold fast his own inheritance. Moscow will be the third Rome and will save mankind where pagan and Christian Rome alike have failed. As part of this mission Constantinople must be taken and the Christians freed from Turkish misrule.

But my poor, scattered lines cannot do justice to the rich suggestiveness of these lectures. As I listened to the two on Russia, particularly, I thought: What a treat lost for the Philosophy Section of All Souls.

From Russia the lecturer turned to Poland and traced in the lives and utterances of her patriots, poets and literary men the development of her national ideals since the dismemberment. The gradual recognition that the weakness and sin of Poland was her class organization, her unbending aristocracy. Finally, in Russian Poland at least, the growing conviction that liberty can never come by revolution, but by loving Russia. Bohemian nationalism is more cultural; Polish, more political; Russian, more social; but all are for humanity. Slavic nationalism is a moral and social philosophy, a search for the meaning of history.

Another day was devoted to the so-called *Los von Rome* movement, that great reform current which since 1899 has carried 30,000 out of the Roman church, one-third of them to join the Old Catholics, and two-thirds the Lutherans. Here again I would that many had heard instead of the mere handful that gathered in front of the professor's desk from day to day.

The editor of a well-known French magazine had said that this was a movement for the benefit of the King of Prussia. How then account for the equally marked movement in France itself, or for the like phenomena in Portugal and Italy? It was said that the movement was political, not religious. Doubtless there were social and political elements in it, but it was not true that in Germany and Austria only Protestants have the national feeling. In that respect there is no difference between Catholic and Protestant, and German Catholics would not oppose the Hohenzollern, as the Frenchman imagined.

On the other hand there is an antagonism between the Catholics of Germany and those of Austria, as is evidenced every week by articles in the *Kölnische Zeitung* against the latter. And Austrian Catholicism is a different thing. Catholicism has always been at its best in the Protestant countries; in Germany, England and America. "Americanism" is the word that in Europe stands for the new, reformed Catholicism that is hoped for.

In the speaker's thought this is primarily a religious movement, though with strong social and political elements, as every vital religious movement must have. It is not confined to one country nor even to Europe. Witness Presbyterian creed revision in America. It is not even confined to Christians, for similar tendencies may be traced among Jews, Turks and Bhuddists. Philosophers are now more conservative than theologians. Even the later socialists revise their ideals and grow religious.

The closing lecture was a summary of the ideas developed during the course. It resolved itself into the question: What is the small nation? or, wherein do greatness and independence consist? Denmark, Norway and Sweden are small nations that are independent. Bohemia, with a population considerably exceeding any one of them, is linked to Austria. This is largely a matter of geographical position and boundaries. Statistics are but just beginning to receive due attention in the study of history. Why was France the leading nation of Europe in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? Largely because of her relatively great population; that gave Napoleon his armies. Now she is becoming relatively a small nation, and her thoughtful men realize that unless something can be done to check the depopulation the German question will settle itself in a very simple manner within the next fifty or one hundred years. It used to be thought that history was the study of the past; now we are beginning to understand that it is most emphatically concerned with the future. People ask what will become of England when her coal is gone, or the world's supply of wheat is inadequate?

Independence is largely relative. There is no possibility, it is said, of independence for Bohemia and Poland. Servia, on the other hand, is nominally independent. Do you imagine that she really is so? I know better. One can see almost any day in his newspaper evidence that her political affairs are controlled by a great bank in Vienna. The small nations must put forth every effort to maintain economic independence. Belgium, and particularly Switzerland, are most striking examples of success in that direction. The latter country has no iron and no coal, yet in spite of this the energy of her people has maintained her economic independence no less than her political. A nation may be conquered economically while still nominally independent. That is why all Europe begins to fear America. Even the Bohemian peasant realizes that he cannot sell his products as he would but for American competition.

On the other hand moral and social forces often work in the small nation as they do not in the large; in the former they can be betfer organized, centralized and applied. Witness Japan and China.

Literature is a great influence. Ideas tell. German ideas, for example, capture the brains of many a people. Is it possible to maintain cultural independence?

What then is greatness? A matter of commerce, geography, culture or morals? Politics and ethics have nothing in common we are told. As sciences, granted, but in actual life it is impossible to separate them. Justice is always and preeminently the concern of the small nation; the large one does not need it. The small nation needs to be scrupulously just, not merely to demand justice of others. Avoid imitation. Do not live by another's conscience. Harmony not unity is the essential to-day. Organization is needed, political work must be done. Romanticism in politics is gone by. This is the time for constant small deeds rather than occasional great and brilliant ones. Not for compromise or any golden middle way, any balancing and vacillating between extremes, but for firm convictions, a right course steadfastly pursued to become great by doing justice. There is no other greatness.

By the invitation of some who felt that Professor Masaryk had a message which should be heard, he addressed the English-speaking socialists of Chicago, last Friday evening, at the University Settlement Gymnasium, on the Evolution of Marxian Socialism. Here he had an audience much larger than any that greeted him at the University. It was interesting to look from the slight, almost frail-looking man on the platform with pale face and eloquent hands, intense earnestness, clear thought and forceful utterance, notwithstanding foreign turns of expression, to the somewhat mixed but keenly intent audience not a few of whom were taking notes. More than one felt that the lecture had clarified his ideas as to German and Austrian socialism. Kantzky and Bernstein were given as types of the two schools; the orthodox and the reformed or neo-Mavxists, which, in spite of their divergent views, form but one party politically. The lecture was followed by discussion. Then it was Professor Mosaryk who took notes and one felt sure that the evening was not without value and significance to this close student of social conditions.

M. E. H.

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